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Register

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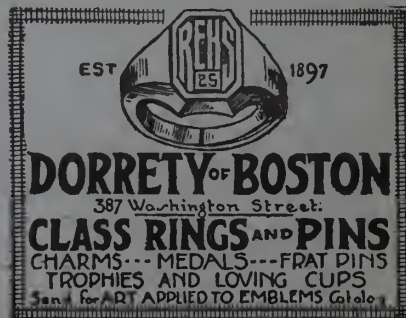
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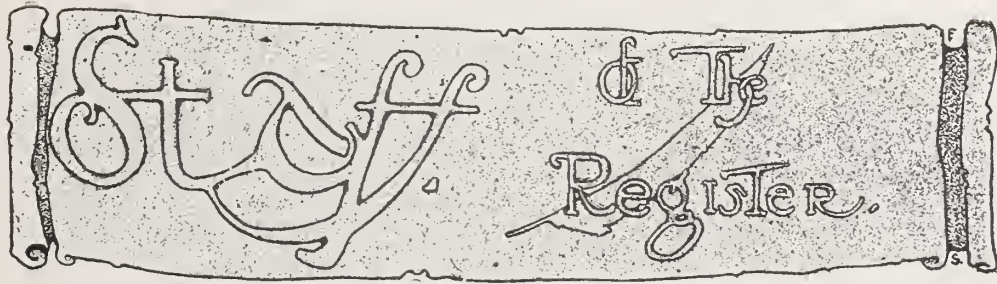
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Editorials

Well, boys, the year has certainly passed quickly, perhaps more quickly than you had wished,—and incidentally, do you believe that you have obtained all the good possible out of it? Can you say to yourself “I’ve done my best. I’m sure of my promotion?” Are you satisfied? Or, on the other hand, have you loafed—have you failed to do the task placed before you? You are in either class, the wise and successful man or the slacker. None are exempt.

Now, as for the fellows of the two upper classes. Have YOU prepared for the task of the near future, the greatest test of all, the College Board examinations? If you haven’t done the utmost, you won’t be a winner. For these exams are as a demon, lurking in all corners, eager to devour you unawares. To be safe from a prowling demon one cannot be drowsy. Thus, to be safe in this task, YOU, its prey, must be wide awake, PREPARED for it. The English exam. is the master of them all. It is more powerful, more likely to get you. If you can look it straight in the face—and “laugh up your sleeve” you are prepared, and I daresay, prepared for all the others.

For the use of the students, a preliminary examination is printed below. If all questions are answered in the affirmative, success in the finals is assured.

1. Did you do your best this year?
2. Are you confident?

A Page of Verse

RAIN!

Outside my window
 I hear the rain—
 Pitter *pat*,
 pitter, pitter, pitter *pat*.
 It falls—
 Clear, deliberate drops
 Resounding as they strike the hard pave-
 ment:
 Pit
 Pat,
 Pit
 Pat.

The lighted lamp in the street
 Shines bright—
 Grey streaks of rain
 Turn dull green;
 And the dark night harmonizes
 With the steady
 Drip—drip—drip
Pitter pat.

* * * *

CONSOLATION

I looked into a pool;
 And in the water I saw the sky,
 Blue, with soft white clouds listlessly
 drifting by.

I stared into your eyes;
 In them I saw a myriad of things,
 Beautiful, exquisite, yet my heart never
 sings.

My eyes gazed at the hills;
 Where heaven and earth together lay,
 I tried to reach the goal, but 'twas ever
 far away.

I searched deep in my soul;
 And there found comfort from all strife,

For I revere God who made my soul, and
 gave it life.

IN A GARDEN

A delicious fantasy of beauty
 All about me,
 From heav'n and earth
 A breath of spring
 Pervades.
 Yellow warblers fluttering about
 Enhance—
 Adding color to the landscape
 As they flit among green foliage,
 And flowers in full bloom
 Arouse a love of God and beauty
 In my heart.
 All the flowers of spring are here
 A fairyland of color:
 The roses are divine:
 White roses, pink roses, roses of crimson
 hue,
 Rambler roses, tea roses, large and deli-
 cate roses
 Awaken a happiness in my heart,
 That I am in this garden
 Alone with God and nature.

* * * *

SPRING

The smell of springtime in the air:—
 A fragrance of lilacs.
 Wondrous lilacs
 Purple and white.
 A glimpse of lilies,
 Lilies of the valley
 Delicate and sweet.
 The tulips blowing in the wind,
 Splotches of yellow—daffodils
 Nodding in the breeze;
 The violets too
 Timid and shy;
 All with the sweet song of birds
 Bring us spring.

—Leonard Amster.

Better Late Than Early

Bong! Bong! Bong! Three o'clock and no one in sight yet! Joseph Lawrence stopped his impatient walking and glanced at his watch. Only two o'clock! "That's odd," he thought, "it's the first time my watch has ever stopped. It's going now, though. I guess it must have stopped for an hour and then started again." There was no use waiting any longer for his friend, as the hour appointed for their meeting was long past, so, hailing a passing taxi, Mr. Lawrence was whisked away. About this time a young, well-dressed man was strolling leisurely towards the rendezvous agreed upon, an ancient moss-covered church which was almost hidden in the shadow of a larger, more modern church across the street. The young man in question, Thomas Pendleton by name, was congratulating himself on his early start which would gain favor in the eyes of Mr. Lawrence, with whom punctuality was a prime essential. Arrived at his destination, Mr. Pendleton consulted his watch and noted with satisfaction that he had arrived a quarter of an hour ahead of time. Time passed swiftly, however, and when, at the expiration of the fifteen minutes the deep Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong! broke the silence of the street, Mr. Pendleton was visibly agitated. Five o'clock! But it couldn't be—-. His watch said only *two* o'clock! Three hours late! Impossible! But the fact remained that he had distinctly heard the churchbells strike five times. With this thought, Mr. Pendleton's self-satisfaction, which had vanished with the sound of the bells, now gave way to utter consternation. Making up his mind quickly he followed the example of his departed friend and was driven off in a cab.

Had either Mr. Pendleton or Mr. Lawrence taken the trouble to look at and compare the clocks on the two churches, much trouble might have been averted.

* * * * *

At his office just before closing time, sat Mr. Joseph Lawrence telephoning to Mr. Pendleton's office.

"Is Mr. Pendleton there?" inquired Mr. Lawrence in a rather unpleasant voice.

"He isn't? Well, tell him when he comes in that that stock deal he was to have seen me about is off!" With this he slammed down the receiver, took his hat and strode out.

Tom Pendleton, upon his arrival at the office, was informed of Mr. Lawrence's message, which filled his cup of woe to the brim. He left the office immediately and hurried home to think the matter over. His younger brother noticed his dejected look and asked the reason. Tom told him about his being late for the appointment and Mr. Lawrence's irascibility, but made no mention of the purpose of the proposed meeting. At this John, the younger brother, cried out, "Now isn't that odd! I was down near the two churches when the bells struck three and I saw Mr. Lawrence look at his watch and then call a taxi and drive off!"

This intelligence rather astonished Mr. Pendleton, who laughed to think of Mr. Lawrence, the punctual, one hour late to an appointment.

"He probably doesn't know that I was late then, but called off the deal because he was ashamed of having been late himself and didn't wish to see me." Thus mused Mr. Pendleton before retiring for the night.

On the way to work the next morning Mr. Pendleton met Mr. Davis, a friend of his, and engaged him in conversation. In the course of their conversation Mr.

Davis suddenly exclaimed, "Have you heard about Mr. Lawrence's stock deal?"

"No."

"You haven't? Why, only yesterday he invested most of his money in some stocks, and today he is ruined, lost every cent he put in it, I understand."

Mr. Pendleton murmured a reply and rode the rest of the way to work in silence, thinking of the narrow escape he had had from investing his money in the stocks on Mr. Lawrence's tip yesterday.

He took his seat in the office, and his mind wandered to Mr. Lawrence and his stock deal. This reminded him of his watch, and he decided to set it right by the office clock. He looked across the room and saw that the clock pointed to five minutes past nine, while his watch indicated that it was five minutes after eight.

"Setting your watch ahead, Mr. Pendleton?" said a voice at his shoulder.

Tom looked up to see his stenographer, Miss Williams, smiling good-morning to him. He nodded assent and set his watch at the correct hour.

"You're a day late, aren't you?" inquired Miss Williams.

"A day late? What do you mean?"

"Why, didn't you know that yesterday was the day for the beginning of daylight saving?" asked the stenographer.

"That explains it," cried Mr. Pendleton, but then he added, "but my watch was three hours slow yesterday. How do you account for that?"

"What clock did you compare it with?" asked Miss Williams.

"I heard the bells strike five as I stood in front of the old stone church opposite the new edifice."

"Which church struck the hour? Did you notice that?" she asked with a smile.

"No, I didn't. Maybe it was both striking at once."

In reply Miss Williams placed a newspaper on the desk in front of him and this is what he read:

SEXTON FORGETS TO SET CLOCK AHEAD WITH UNIQUE RESULTS

Sexton Harry P. Brown, of the old M. P. Church on Main St., forgot to set his clock ahead one hour in accordance with the rules of daylight saving which began yesterday. Sexton Fairfax of the new M. E. Church across the street, set his clock ahead with the result that when the old church clock struck one the new church bells tolled forth the hour of two, thus deluding many a passerby into thinking that it was three o'clock. This odd condition of affairs was discovered by Sexton Brown himself, who happened to compare the two clocks while entering the old edifice at 5:30 yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Pendleton laid down the paper with an exclamation of surprise. "Well, that beats anything I ever heard of," he remarked to his stenographer, "but there was more good than harm done. I'm glad it happened so that I didn't buy any of those stocks!"

—Corey, Room 307



No. 2. *One of many of my experiences during the World War.*

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

During the World War, when horror, misery, starvation, and disease played their part in the destruction of humanity, homes were deserted, robbed, and ruined. Some families died in their desolated homes while the storm and cold bit tender flesh. It seems a human trait in people to cling to each other and to their homes even in the hours of dire distress, lovingly and faithfully cuddled to each other, shivering, crying for bread.

The living prayed over the dead and prayed as their hour of death drew near.

In their home the sad suffering mother would dig the grave with her wearied hands for her beloved ones.

Men, women, and children and sometimes an entire family, begging earnestly, would lie at full length on the streets and on the high-ways.

Men, women, and children who were just a little stronger than those mentioned, went around begging from people, houses, and stores and sometimes stole to eat.

On that stormy night I, starving, very weak and cold, painfully crawling through the mud in the streets of the city in which I was a stranger, approached the door of a red house. This beautiful mansion attracted my attention, and I began to ask passers-by to tell me who lived in this house, but none would look or even listen to me. So I managed to stop the next person that happened to pass by.

On the impulse of the moment, I took hold of a woman's skirt and said: "Please, lady, for God's sake, tell me who lives in this house."

The woman happened to be a rich Mohammedan, wearing a veil. Her reply was cruel slaps in my face and vicious kicks on my body.

Truly! I thought I was done for ever and it was the end of "Joseph, the American," as I was called.

This cruel Mohammedan woman did not leave me until I was completely unconscious.

In the course of a short time, I began to recover consciousness. Fear, fear to speak Arabic, overcame me and I cried out in my beloved language—English.

The words I uttered were softly, slowly, pathetically, and sadly spoken, "O Father in Heaven, have mercy on me. Oh father in America, come to me."

It seemed that my prayers for mercy were answered, as a ministering hand gently raised me. As I gazed into her face, a tear of deep sympathy told me that I had found a friend in whom I could trust. She proved to be an *American woman* and gave me the protection and love children receive from their mothers. And even more, she saved my life and created in my heart a greater faith of *true value* of the great *American spirit*. Thus I end this *real story*. *I owe it all to God and to the American woman. And I earnestly hope that this story will remain in the heart and in the memory of every American who reads it, all his life.*

—Joseph E. Hajjar.



School Notes

The Class Day exercises were held in the Assembly Hall, Thursday, April 24, 1924. An interesting program was presented. The senior class sang in chorus the class song, which was written by Isadore Muchnick and set to music by Cornelius Mahoney.

James M. Curley, Junior, delivered the class oration of which he is the author. The oration was well written and well spoken. The school Glee Club then did their stunt creditably. Leonard Amster then read the Class Poem, his own composition. Molina and Ocnoff entertained with a piano and violin selection was followed by "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell," spoken by Edward J. Keefe.

After an orchestra selection by our Classical Orchestra, which played very well, Mayor Curley spoke. He laid emphasis on the cosmopolitanism of the senior class, (as typical of the school) and said that this is what makes the school really democratic.

This address was followed by the "Salute to the Colors," the bugle being sounded by L. B. Benjamin.

After an unnecessary (?) intermission for lunch, our regiment went on review before Brigadier General Hersey, commanding this artillery district, and various other officials.

* * * * *

On Wednesday April 23, the annual competition for the bugle prize and the drumming prize was held in the drill hall with Lieutenant Roche, Drum Major Markwett, and First Sergeant Benjamin officiating as judges.

There were seven contestants for the bugle prize and three for the drum trophy. The competition was keen, it being necessary for the drummers to play for a second time before a decision was reached. As a result of the contest, Easton of 304 was selected as the prize bugler and Marshall of 318 was given honorable mention. McKenna won the drumming prize with Callman taking second place.

* * * * *

We are all brave lads, but when it comes to some things you see certain ones of us back down. Over ninety-nine percent of the boys in the school believe and practice their belief that it is very wrong not to pay attention and not to show respect and a proper attitude of reverence during the reading of the Bible. Nevertheless, who of them criticizes to his face the fellow who does not do the right thing in regard to this most sacred part of our day in school?

Express your contempt of the fellow who cannot keep quiet for three minutes together out of the whole day.

* * * * *

Someday, someone on the School Committee will realize that soap and towels are a necessity for the personal health of the pupil, but I should like to know when that day is going to come.

—E. A. M. '25.

Fossils is Fossils

Professor I. Morris Wiseman stood in his little laboratory, trembling from head to foot, unable to speak a word. Awestruck by the solemnity of the occasion, two of his brother professors, men renowned the world over for their knowledge of geology, stood gazing at an object lying on the laboratory table. The object of this profound scrutiny, while innocent enough in appearance, was declared to be—but let us hear what the learned scientists are saying.

“Fellow scientists, a great contribution to geology has been made by our colleague, Prof. Wiseman, in his discovery of what he thinks to be,”—here he lowered his voice, “of what he thinks to be,” went on Prof. Knowmoar, “a rare specimen of *Metamorphis cretaciium*, spherical in form, and belonging to the Cenozoic Age!”

A deep hush filled the room, broken a minute later by Professor O. Thinkhardt.

“Pardon my interruption, Prof. Knowmoar, but I wish to state that in my opinion this specimen of rock is an igneous Ordovician of the early Paleozoic Age as one might judge from the carboniferous appearance of the outer stratum.”

“Indeed,” remarked the scientist referred to, “but I was merely giving you Prof. Wiseman’s opinion. I *myself* am positive that it is a perfectly shaped sedimentary Oriskanian, undoubtedly belonging to the late Mesozoic period.”

It was evident that no conclusion could be reached in this manner, so the fossil was subjected to several tests, designed to reveal its identity. Although tested with acids and various fluids, chipped and scraped and pounded, the spherical specimen in question retained its original baffling appearance.

Five other learned geologists were called, with the result that five new opinions concerning the nature of the fossil were advanced. The baffling na-

ture of Prof. Wiseman’s discovery brought many learned Professors to his laboratory from all parts of the world.

* * * * *

About a week after the discovery, ten eminent men of science were seated in Prof. Wiseman’s laboratory, still engrossed in the curious fossil, which reposed on a plate in the center of the table. A heated debate was taking place between two of the professors, to which the others were listening intently.

“Much as I dislike to oppose my honored colleague,” Prof. Thinkhardt was beginning, when the door opened and a momentary lull was caused by the entrance of the janitor, who came in to collect the waste-basket.

“And what do you call that thing?” he remarked, indicating the doubtful fossil with a grimy finger.

“Oh, that is something that you wouldn’t understand—a subject of geology,” replied one of the professors frigidly, “we haven’t decided what it is ourselves.”

“You haven’t, eh? Well, I think I could tell you,” replied the janitor with a grin.

“You?” said Prof. Wiseman patronizingly, “very well, tell us?”

In reply, the janitor strode over to the table, seized the fossil in a grimy hand, and after taking aim, hurled it against a steel locker in a corner of the room. There was a sharp crack, and a yellowish fluid began to roll down the side of the locker, the odor of which was not exactly pleasant.

The janitor gathered up his baskets and departed for the door, followed by the astonished looks of the eminent professors. At the threshold he paused, and after taking a sniff, remarked, “I guess that egg must have spent a couple of years too many in cold storage.”

—Corey, Room 307

Exchanges

A. H. Canner

The *Student*, Holmes High School, Covington, Ky.:—Allow us to commend you on the neat, compact manner in which your paper is published. Though of conventional size it is complete in every detail necessary to a school paper. The Departmental cuts are very interesting and well done.

* * * * *

The *Observer*, Peabody High School, Peabody Mass.:—A fine number of stories is contained in your literary department. Several of these are written in an excellent manner. There is but one fault we can find with regard to your paper, and that is the lack of a humor column. Don't you think that this would greatly improve it?

* * * * *

The Lawrence High School *Bulletin*, Lawrence, Mass.:—You certainly have improved your paper remarkably since the last time we met. Although everything is very well written, that allegorical tale, "The Journey to the City of Success," stands out far above the rest. One might gain much good by following the meanings therein.

* * * * *

The Boston University *Beacon*, Boston, Mass.:—The *Beacon* is a very instructive exchange.

* * * * *

The Medford High *Review*, Medford Mass.:—Your publication contains fine material. But don't you think the arrangement can be improved? You have an unusually large number of cartoons.

* * * * *

EXCHANGE JOKES

Little rows of zeros
Not so very quaint,
Make our graduation
Look like what it ain't.

—Lawrence *Bulletin*.

* * * * *

"If a ship were sunk at sea would a safety razor?"
"No, but dynamite."

—*Chandelier*.

* * * * *

What's the use of learning
An ancient history date,
When I can make a modern one
At quarter after eight.

—*Purple Cow*.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

—Lawrence *Bulletin*.



SYNOPSIS

Percy Hawkins, a great inspector at Scotland Yard, is puzzled over the ever-increasing number of dope addicts. He sets the best detective of the Yard, Martin Mewitt, to work on the case. After intensive investigating all suspicions are centered on a mysterious Chinaman and a man named Blanc, who seem to be connected with this dope problem. Investigation reveals that all operations of these men seem to be centered around a house which has, to all appearances, only one small room, the rest of the house being solid wood. Mewitt is unable to accomplish anything, so Hawkins sends for Larsene Dupin, the premier detective of France. After a consultation with Hawkins, Dupin leaves the office, but has no sooner stepped into the corridor of the main building than a shot rings out. Hastening back to Hawkins' office, he finds him sprawled out on the floor, dead. After Hawkins' death, Dupin and Mewitt hold a consultation, deciding to meet two days later at the mysterious house. Two days later, they meet, go up to the roof of the house, and finding a pebble seemingly stuck to the roof, have one of their assistants hit it with a sledgehammer. When he hits the pebble the roof opens up and Dupin and Mewitt are swallowed by the hole.

Upon recovering from their shock, they looked up and discovered that the hole through which they had fallen was approximately ten feet above them and noticed, to their dismay, that no opening was left above.

Looking around, they found themselves in a place which seemed to be a shaft. However, they realized that they were in the mysterious house and that this must be some emergency entrance or exit.

Dupin took a small flashlight from his pocket, and flashing the light around he saw a door. He opened the door a little and looking through the crack a strange sight met his gaze. Outside was a room in which a Chinaman stood, seemingly looking at the wall. Every few minutes he spoke rapidly to two other Chinamen who would take a solid wooden block from a pile in the center of the room and place on the wall, which was curiously bedecked.

Along the wall were rows of shelves arranged in squares in such a way that cubic-foot blocks of wood could be fitted into the compartments snugly.

Mewitt was looking on perplexed, not quite comprehending the latest turn of affairs. Dupin, noticing the puzzled expression on his face quietly closed the door and explained his actions.

"When I left you after our consultation," began Dupin, "I started to figure how I should go about this case. Yesterday I sent my men to make observations and examine this house. From their report and from what Hawkins has told me I drew these conclusions: (1) The house was not made of solid wood except for the little room, and there must be some entrance from the outside. (2) That there was an entrance in this little room but it was controlled only from the inside not from the little room, and it was through this that Blanc had entered. (3) The only way to force an entrance was through the roof, as every other possibility had been eliminated.

"On the roof were pebbles. Pebbles in a way resemble push-buttons, therefore I thought that a pebble seemingly stuck to the roof would be the means of getting an entrance. As for figuring out the direction of the entrance, I asked a few people I met how they would make a trapdoor in a roof, or rather, where they would place it, especially to avoid detection from the street below. They all answered that they would place it in the center of the roof. Then I inquired how many steps they would place it from a given part of the roof. They unanimously said three.

"On these facts I based my plan of entering this house, and as I know now, I surmised correctly."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Mewitt, "but how was it that the Chinamen didn't hear us fall?"

"Listen!" cautioned Dupin, "that noise you hear is being made by those two men whom I sent to pound and drill the walls. The Chinamen were so engrossed with keeping the men from breaking a hole in the wall, and the noise was so great that either they didn't hear us fall or they didn't pay any attention to the noise, as they think they are safe from detection."

"You certainly figured out everything perfectly, as far as I can see," said Mewitt admiringly, "but what are the Chinamen doing with those blocks? What are those compartments for?"

"Those compartments and blocks are the instruments which have kept you from solving the mystery up to the present time. You see you have been deceived in thinking that this house was composed of solid wood. The head of this group of dope smugglers is no doubt a genius in his profession. The walls of this house were made about a foot thick. He directed compartments suitable for holding cubic foot blocks to be set up along the walls. The ceiling was made about two feet thick. The result was that when the inspection of the walls and ceiling was made the Chinamen on the inside baffled all the efforts of the detectives, with the help of about a dozen blocks of wood."

"But how did the Chinamen on the inside know in which compartments to put the blocks?" queried Mewitt.

"That was easy," said Dupin, "they used a device known as a detectascope. First they bored a hole in the wall with about a half-inch diameter. Then the detectascope is inserted and although it may seem fabulous, by looking through the detectascope you can see all over the room. To conceal the detectascope they painted it lightly making it resemble the rest of the room. In that way they are able to keep from being detected from the little room."

"How did you find out all these things?" asked Mewitt astonished.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I figured what I would do if I was a dope smuggler, took into account the peculiarities of the Chinese, then after forming a plan, plunged into carrying it out as if there was no doubt of it being correct in every detail."

Just then Dupin heard someone moving about outside the shaft and opening the door a little looked out and saw two of the Chinamen enter a door at one end of the room. There was but one man left to take care of the compartments. This prompted Mewitt to advise that they get this man out of the way and bring this mystery to a head.

Dupin, however, counseled that they wait for a few minutes without making any rash move.

After about fifteen minutes had elapsed and the two men who had left the room had not returned, Dupin and Mewitt decided to go after them.

Creeping out of their hiding place they surprised the man who had been left on guard and after a struggle overpowered him. They quickly bound and gagged him, then turned, expecting any moment to have the other two men come out after them.

They, however, were surprised more than the man whom they had overpowered, for no one came to assault them, and when they entered the room which the Chinamen had entered, they found it empty!

Yes, it was empty. There was not even a chair to be seen. The room was about as big as the little room which had seemed to be so mysterious. The only thing of interest in the room was a step that seemed to have been placed up against the wall to get it out of the way.

After examining the room, Mewitt suggested that maybe the step had something to do with the disappearance of the two Chinamen. He decided that he would examine the step and told Dupin of his suspicions. Dupin decided that he might be right in his suspicions, and going over to the step started to look it over.

Just as Dupin was testing the top of the step Mewitt leaned against the part of the wall directly over the step and before he could regain his balance the wall caved in and he fell in with it. Nevertheless, he managed to get a hold on Dupin's clothes but instead of regaining his balance he fell, taking Dupin with him.

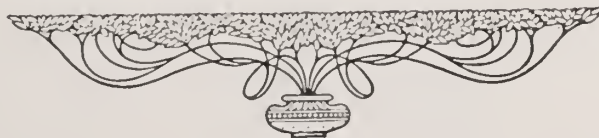
They could not have fallen more than three feet when they hit something hard. Getting up, they found themselves in a little car such as is used in a coal mine for the miners. However, though astonished at the things which had just happened, they were astounded to find that the car was moving.

Dupin immediately regained his composure and saw that there was nothing to do but see what developed from this incident. Taking out his flashlight he found that they were in a small tunnel and were moving at the rate of about twenty-five miles per hour. Then assured that they could do nothing for themselves, they resigned themselves to waiting.

After they had travelled nearly fifty miles, and it seemed that they had been in the car over five hours, they suddenly perceived a wall a hundred yards ahead of them. It seemed as if they were to hit this wall when a passage in it suddenly opened and they passed through.

No sooner had they passed than they suddenly felt a jounce which hurled them out of the car, and they found themselves shooting through *water* at a terrific rate.

To be concluded in the June issue of the Register.



Pig and More Pig

Anthony Gustav Crowley was a rather plump youth of seventeen, weighing in the vicinity of two hundred and fifty pounds. His family consisted of his father, J. P. Crowley, a tall, stern individual, who had his own ideas of bringing up a family, especially boys; his mother, a kind lady who was always seeing to Anthony's health; and his sister, Anna, who resembled her mother very much and agreed with her in everything.

Anthony would rather eat than do anything else. And he did eat! He ate enough at one sitting to keep him alive for three weeks, and he ate three times a day. Of all things, pig was his favorite food. Pig—roast pig, boiled pig, broiled pig—pig in any form appealed to him as nothing else did. As he himself often said, "Pig is the fondest thing I'm of."

But let us leave this picture of Anthony Gustav and see him as a man. He has lost most of his plumpness and has added three inches to his height, but he was still fond of pig. He had many friends, among them George Towers. He and Anthony were very good friends. One day, Anthony left for a three months' cruise in the tropics. Nothing else was heard of him.

Two years later, George met him on the street. Anthony was very different from his old self. He was very thin, and he looked as though he had undergone many hardships. His clothes were ragged and much in need of pressing.

"Anthony Gustav! as I live! What have you been doing with yourself all this time?" said Towers.

"O, adventuring. But let's go to some place to eat. I'm famished."

They went to a nearby restaurant, and, when they had seated themselves, Anthony began his story.

"You remember, of course, the time I left for the tropics? Well, everything went along fine for the first three weeks. One day, as we were cruising in the S—Sea, a sudden storm arose. During that storm, our schooner was wrecked on an island and I was the sole survivor.

"There I found an old professor and his two negro servants. They had been there for over two years and were so happy there that they did not want to go back to civilization. The professor, whose name was Thoreson, was delighted to find someone with whom he could talk. His favorite subject was pigs. I learned that a pig is an intelligent animal and can become a most interesting companion. I was also informed that pig is the healthiest food in existence. I had come to this opinion myself, for, as you know, I was very fond of pig. I found out there were no other animals on the island except pigs, and that pig was the chief food. We had *pig* for breakfast, *pig* for dinner, and *pig* for supper. We had *pig* all through the week and on Sundays too. I became sick of the very name of *pig*. The island was overrun with them. You couldn't go five steps without stepping on a *pig*. All I saw through the whole day was *pigs*, and *pigs*, and *more pigs*. At last I decided that I would have to leave the island or go mad. So, after working a month or so, I finally completed a canoe of pigskin. Taking some pig along, since there was no other food to be had, I set out.

"Five days later, I sighted a ship. On seeing my distress signal, the captain took me on board and heard my story. Then he said, "I'm very sorry, but you'll have to get along on pig until we reach the coast, as we were all out of stores when we luckily came upon your island and put in a store of pig."

"I groaned. Think of it! After so much time trying to get away from *pig*, here it was staring me in the face, as big as life. I had one consolation, however, and that was that we were heading for some place where I could get rid of *pig*. I just landed an hour ago, so you know how glad I am."

At this moment, the waiter approached and said, "I'm very sorry, sir, but we have nothing but roast pig on the menu."

Anthony Gustav waited no longer. He fled.

Thud! Anthony lay sprawling on the floor. Evidently he had just fallen off the bed.

"Anthony!"

"Coming."

"We have some nice roast pig for you, dear."

"*Pig! Pig!!* Haven't you got anything else but *pig*? Ye gods! *Pig!* Of all things! If there's *anything* I hate it's *pig*."

"But, Anthony, you said you liked pig."

"I? Like pig? Good heavens! Where'd you get that idea? Here I am, as hungry as a *dog* and they give me *pig* to eat. And they even tell me I *like* pig! O ye gods!" His emotion left him speechless. He gesticulated wildly with his arms and tore his hair like a madman

And Anthony's parents still wonder why Anthony has come to dislike pig.

—*J. J. Jarosh '25*

* * * * *

In about every room there is a fellow who spends his time, when he isn't interested in the recitation, in drawing pictures and cartoons, some good and some poor. However, when the *Register* in obedience to the demand of the student body, wants to print a cartoon, with a few rare exceptions, our editor-in-chief must draw it. Next year Solomont will no longer be with us and so if you want cartoons then, make your talented friends draw for the *Register*. And those who *do* draw for the *Register*, remember that pictures should be four times as large as they will be when printed (drawn to scale.)

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ALUMNI NOTES

Among the newly appointed members of the Committee on Schools of the Associated Harvard Clubs are: Henry Pennypacker, and Henry A. Bellows, '02.

Edward P. Davis, '95, is one of the five members of the Committee on Employment Service.

We regret the death of Frank Merriam, a short while ago. Mr. Merriam died at the age of seventy-four. He graduated from Latin School in 1867.



Sports

By E. J. Keefe.

BASEBALL

LATIN 6—MILTON ACAD. 8

The baseball team opened its season at Milton Academy on April 17. Bill Ryan started in the box for the Purple and did well. The team showed the lack of practise in the field, but smoothness will come with a few games experience.

Milton scored in the first and Latin tied it up again in the second, only to have Milton score twice in their half. The game went for six innings with Milton always in the lead, but the Purple keeping but one run behind. In the sixth, Latin tied up the score and an inning later, with McInnis on third and Ryan on second, Joe Nolan singled to left scoring his teammates. Milton, however, came back, and by the aid of a hit, an excusable boot by Dick Dwyer, a muff by Bill Stewart, and a sacrifice fly scored three runs and won the game. The summary:

LATIN

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Nolan, rf.....	3	1	1	0	0
Donaghy, 3.....	5	3	2	2	0
Goode, lf.....	4	1	1	0	0
Fusonia, cf.....	5	1	1	1	0
Stavros, c.....	4	0	8	4	1
Dwyer, ss.....	4	0	1	0	1
McGuiness, 1b.....	4	0	6	1	2
Owens, 2b.....	3	0	4	2	0
Ryan, p.....	1	0	0	5	0
	—	—	—	—	—
	33	6	24	15	4

MILTON

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Sturgis, 2.....	4	2	2	2	1
Putnam, 3.....	4	1	2	0	1
Norris, cf.....	2	0	4	0	0

Stoking, ss.....	4	3	3	3	1
McKeogh, l.....	3	2	6	0	0
Barbour, c.....	2	1	8	1	0
Sawyer, rf.....	3	3	0	0	0
Clifford, lf.....	3	1	1	0	0
Cunningham, p.....	3	1	1	8	3
	—	—	—	—	—
	28	14	27	14	6

Innings..	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Milton	1	2	0	1	0	1	0	3	x-8
Latin	0	1	0	0	2	1	2	0	0-6

Runs: Nolan, 2, Fusonie, Dwyer, McInnis, Ryan, Sturgis 2, Putnam, McKeogh, Barbour, Clifford, Cunningham, Sawyer. Two base hits: Donaghy, Goode. Stolen Bases: Nolan, Stavros, Sturgis, Cunningham, Barbour. Sacrifices: Stavros, Owens, Putnam, Norris, 2 Sawyer, Clifford. Base on Balls: By Ryan 4, By Cunningham 2. Strike Outs: By Ryan 4, By Cunningham 6. Hit by Pitcher: By Ryan (Barbour 2) By Cunningham (Ryan). Time: 2h 10 m Umpire: Stewart.

LATIN 7—NEWTON 3

The following day at Clafin Field, Newtonville, the Newton High team fell victims to the southpaw slants of Joe Goode. The rather loose backing of the day before was missing, Dick Dwyer playing an exceptional game. Captain Al Fusonie suffered an injury to his leg in going to a base. Although he played most of the game, he will probably be kept out of the next few games. Latin piled up a lead early and kept it throughout. Newton's only rally came in the ninth when Joe passed two men, and Avery who was subbing for Fusonie lost a fly ball in the sun allowing the men to score.

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

LATIN

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Nolan, lf.....	4	1	2	0	0
Donaghy, 2b.....	3	0	2	3	0
Goldman, rf.....	5	0	3	0	0
Fusonie, cf.....	5	1	4	0	0
Kiley, 3.....	1	0	0	0	0
Avery, cf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Stavros, c.....	5	0	3	2	0
Dwyer, ss.....	3	0	3	2	0
McGuinness, 1b.....	3	0	8	1	0
Owens, 2b.....	3	0	3	0	1
Goode, p.....	4	2	0	3	3
	—	—	—	—	—
	36	5	27	12	4

NEWTON

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Lawless, lf.....	3	0	1	0	0
Considine, cf.....	1	0	1	0	0
Sutcliffe, cf.....	3	1	1	0	0
Dawing, rf.....	4	1	0	0	0
O'Donnell, ss.....	4	2	1	1	0
Holbrook, 3b.....	4	1	3	0	2
Gilligan, 2.....	2	0	2	0	1
Gorman, p.....	0	0	4	0	1
Schlispace, p.....	0	1	1	0	1
Pasche, p.....	0	0	0	0	2
Mahoney, c.....	2	0	13	2	0
	—	—	—	—	—
	26	6	27	3	7

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Latin	0	2	0	0	1	0	3	1	0-7
Newton	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2-3

Runs: Nolan, 2 Fusonie, Stavros' Donaghy, McInnis, Goode, Sutcliffe, O'Donnell, Leary. Two Base Hits: Holbrook, Sutcliffe, Dewing. Sacrifice Fly: Dwyer. Base on Balls: By Gorman, by Schlispace 4, by Goode 2. Strike Outs: By Gorman, by Schlispace 4, by Pasche 4, by Goode 3. Time: 2h 20 m. Umpire: A. J. Woodlock.

LATIN 7—GROTON 4

Partiot's Day afternoon at Groton, the team won its third straight game. Johnny Mantle was in the box for the Purple and kept the hits of the private school boys well scattered. Al Fusonie was kept out of the game because of the ankle injury he suffered in the Newton game. The score:

LATIN

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Nolan, lf.....	6	2	0	0	0
Donaghy, 2b.....	4	3	1	2	1
Goode, cf.....	5	1	2	0	0
Stavros, c.....	5	1	5	2	0
Goldman, rf.....	5	1	1	2	0
Dwyer, ss.....	5	2	2	3	1
McGuinness, 1b.....	5	1	13	0	1
Owens, 2b.....	5	1	3	0	0
Mantle, p.....	4	1	0	6	0
	—	—	—	—	—
	44	13	27	15	3

GROTON

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Heard, ss.....	4	0	1	1	2
Emmons, 2b.....	3	3	1	2	0
Bingham, 3b.....	4	0	4	2	2
McGhee, 1b.....	4	2	13	0	0
Robinson, c.....	4	1	6	4	0
Ives, rf.....	4	0	1	2	0
Jackson, cf.....	4	1	0	0	1
Adams, lf.....	3	0	1	0	0
Stone, cf.....	1	1	0	0	0
Tupper, p.....	4	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—
	35	8	27	14	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Latin	1	0	3	0	1	0	0	0	2-7
Groton	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	2-4

Runs: Donaghy 2, Dwyer, Goode, McInnis, Goldman, Mantle, McGhee 2, Heard, Robinson. Two Base Hits: Dwyer 2, Robinson. Three Base Hit: Donaghy. Home Run: Goldman. Stolen

Bases: Goode, Nolan, McGhee 4, Robinson. Base on Balls: By Mantle, By Tupper 2. Strike outs: By Mantle 4, By Tupper 8. Double Plays: Dwyer, Owens, and McInnis; Mantle, Owens, and McInnis; Stavros and McInnis. Time: 1h 40m. Umpire: Mullen.
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LATIN 7—MIDDLESEX 4

Johnny Mantle, fresh from his win at Groton took the box against Middlesex School at North Concord, April 23. He did not allow the private school batsmen a hit until the sixth. Joe Nolan made a pair of circus catches in right field, which made up for the one he lost. A peculiar feature of the game was that Joe Goode in left field had only one chance. The heavy wind kept blowing flies toward Fusonie, and thus the left fielder, usually the busiest of the trio had an easy afternoon. The summary:

LATIN

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Nolan, rf.....	3	1	4	0	1
Donaghy, 3b.....	4	0	2	0	0
Goode, lf.....	5	2	1	0	0
Fusonie, cf.....	5	2	1	0	0
Stavros, c.....	5	1	9	1	0
Dwyer, ss.....	4	0	1	2	1
McGuinness, 1b.....	4	0	8	0	0
Owens, 2b.....	4	0	2	4	3
Mantle, p.....	2	0	0	3	0
	—	—	—	—	—
	36	6	27	10	5

MIDDLESEX

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Brewer, cf.....	4	1	0	1	0
Hopkins, 2b.....	5	1	1	0	1
Kelly, ss.....	5	1	0	4	1
Wise, lf.....	5	0	0	0	0
Morrill, 1b.....	5	1	13	1	0
Allen, rf.....	4	2	0	0	0
White, c.....	4	1	11	3	1

Girasch, 3.....	2	0	1	4	1
Farnsworth, rf.....	2	0	0	0	0
Faversham, p.....	1	0	0	1	1
Hardie, p.....	2	0	0	1	0
	—	—	—	—	—
	39	6	27	15	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Latin	2	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	2-7
Mid'sex	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3-4

Runs: Goode 3, Nolan 2, Donaghy, Fusonie, Wise 2, Brewster, Hopkins. Two Bases: Nolan 2, Goode, Fusonie, Stavros, Brewster. Base on Balls: Faversham 4, Hardie 1, Mantle 4. Strike Outs: Faversham 4, Hardie 6, Mantle 8. Passed Ball: White. Time 2h 15m. Umpire: Bulgar.
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LATIN 6—MECHANICS ART 8

In the opening game of the city League at Walpole Street, April 25, Mechanic Arts defeated the Purple and White 8-6. Kingham, the tradesmen's star hurler was on the mound, opposing Joe Goode. With Latin three runs behind in the ninth, Al Fusonie nicked Kingham for a triple, scoring two, and counting himself a moment later on an error, tying up the game. The Mechanics' team forged ahead again in the twelfth to win. The summary:

LATIN

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Nolan, lf.....	6	0	1	0	0
Donaghy, 3b.....	6	1	2	5	1
Fusonie, cf.....	6	2	5	9	0
Stavros, c.....	6	0	9	2	0
Goldman, rf.....	6	1	2	0	0
Dwyer, ss.....	6	1	1	3	1
McGuinness, 1b.....	5	0	13	0	1
Owens, 2b.....	5	0	3	0	0
Ryan, 2b.....	1	0	0	0	0
Goode, p.....	5	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—
	52	5	36	13	3

MECHANIC ARTS

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Doherty, lf.....	6	1	4	0	0
Creedon, cf.....	6	2	2	0	0
Bloom, 1b.....	6	2	15	0	0
Wright, 2b.....	6	0	0	1	0
Moore, ss.....	5	3	1	1	2
Rienhardt, rf.....	6	3	1	0	0
Carney, 3b.....	6	1	5	4	1
Flaherty, c.....	6	3	7	1	0
Kingham, p.....	5	0	1	3	0
	—	—	—	—	—
	52	15	26	10	3

Runs: Nolan 2, Fusonie 2, Donaghy, Goode, Moore, 2 Creedon, Bloom, Wright, Reinhardt, Flaherty, Kingham. Two base Hits: Fusonie, Moore 2, Flaherty. Three Base Hit: Fusonie. Stolen Bases: Reinhardt, Flahert, Nolan. Sacrifice Hits: Doherty, Moore 2, Creedan. Base on Balls: Kingham 2. Struck Out: By Goode 5, Kingham 5. Hit by pitched ball: by Kingham (Owens). Time 2h 30m. Umpire: Doc Mooney.

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LATIN 8—DORCHESTER 2

At the Walpole St. Ground, Tuesday, April 27, the team defeated Dorchester 8-2 in a Boston League game. The Purple scored in the second and kept the lead throughout. It was Johnny Mantle's third consecutive win. Joe Goode hit one in the fifth that looked good for a home run, but smart fielding held it to a triple. The summary:

LATIN

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Nolan, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0
McGuinness, 1.....	4	0	8	0	1
Donaghy, 3.....	4	1	3	3	0
Stavros, c.....	2	1	6	2	0
Goode, 4.....	4	1	2	0	0
Dwyer, ss.....	2	0	4	1	1
Owens, 2.....	2	0	0	1	1
Faxon, 2.....	2	0	0	0	0
Mantle, p.....	4	1	2	3	0
	—	—	—	—	—
	31	5	27	10	3

DORCHESTER

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Harrell, 3.....	4	1	0	3	0
Shay, 2.....	3	0	3	2	0
Winicke, c.....	4	0	10	0	0
Concannon, ss.....	4	0	0	2	0
Nelson, cf.....	4	0	0	1	0
Stoneberger, rf.....	2	0	0	0	0
Hurley, lf.....	4	0	1	0	0
Arber, 1.....	2	1	8	0	2
Barry, 1.....	1	1	1	0	0
Leary, p.....	2	0	1	1	0
Moulton, p.....	1	0	0	1	0
	—	—	—	—	—
	31	3	24	10	2

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Latin	0	2	2	0	1	0	3	0	x-8
Dor.	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0-2

Runs: McGuinness 2, Nolan, Donaghy, Fusonie, Stavros, Dwyer, Stoneberg, Barry. Three Base Hit: Goode. Home Run: Barry. Stolen Bases: Stavros 2, Goode, Sacrifice Hits: Fusonie, Dwyer. Base on Balls: Mantle 1, Leary 5. Strike Outs: Mantle 6, Leary 4, Hit by Pitched Ball: By Mantle (Stoneberg,) by Leary (Nolan). Time 1h 55m. Umpire: Moon-ey.

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LATIN 1—THAYER 15

The less said about the game at South Braintree, April 30, the better. It was a nightmare from a Latin standpoint. Egan started the game and Thayer treated him unkindly. Kiley followed with little better success, and Fusonie finished the game, also mistreated. The team made ten errors behind their pitchers, and it is little wonder those individuals lost heart.

LATIN

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Nolan, lf.....	3	0	2	0	2
McGuinness, 1.....	2	1	13	1	1
Donaghy, 3L.....	4	1	2	3	1
Fusonie, cf, p.....	4	1	3	0	1

Avery, lf.....	1	0	1	0	0	Thompson, 2.....	5	2	4	3	0
Goldman, rf, 2.....	3	1	1	2	0	Ball, lf.....	5	3	3	0	0
Dwyer, ss.....	4	2	0	1	2	Allison, rf.....	2	1	0	0	0
Stavros, c.....	3	0	1	0	0	Kimball, l.....	1	2	9	0	1
McKenna, c.....	1	0	1	0	0		—	—	—	—	—
Mantle, 2b, rf.....	3	0	0	1	0		37	15	27	10	2
Egan, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	Runs: Thompson 3, Allison, 3 Alden					
Kiley, cf,p.....	2	0	0	0	0	2, Kimball 2, Stephenson, Jones, Ket-					
	—	—	—	—	—	chum, Wakeman, Ball, McGuinness.					
	31	6	24	9	8	Two Bases: Ball 3, Alden, Donaghy.					

THAYER

	ab	bh	po	a	e	
Alden, ss.....	6	3	2	2	0	Thompson. Base on Balls: By Ketch-
Stephenson, 3.....	3	1	1	2	1	em 4, Kiley 2, Fusonic 1. Struck Out:
Jones, c.....	6	3	7	1	0	By Ketchum 6, Eagan. Double Plays:
Ketchum, p.....	5	1	0	2	0	Kiley, McGuinness and Egan; Donaghy
Wakeman, cf.....	3	1	1	0	0	and Eagan. Hit by Pitched Ball: By
						Egan (Allison). Time 2h 15m. Umpire
						Souders.

THE SWIMMING TEAM

THE COMMERCE MEET

At the Bunker Hill Boys' Club, Monday, April 7, Commerce took revenge upon the Latin natators for the defeat inflicted earlier in the season. We lost to the Gray and Blue to the tune of 57-43, newspaper reports of the following day notwithstanding.

As is usual with this branch of sport, the team reported five men shy. There are some fine point scorers in school, whose appointments unfortunately coincide with the swimming meets.

Commerce opened the afternoon without much regard for Latin's feelings, taking the first two places in the Senior dash, the Junior dash and the Senior plunge, leaving us at the end of the third event with a score of eight to Commerce's 24. Thereupon Kiburis and Harris, our Junior plungers, who by the way are better than the majority of seniors, decided that events had gone far enough in that state of affairs, and proceeded to clean up that event for the Purple. From that time on Latin steadily gained until it was seen that the relays would decide the meet.

Ellison, for the second time this year

proved that he was better than the Commerce. This diver started poorly, but early found himself and has been winning fairly steadily ever since. With Richard and Kiburis, he looks to be Latin's hopes in the Swimming Reggies.

Captain "Muddy" easily won the Senior backstroke, while Jarosh and Levin finished one-two in the Junior.

The breast stroke events have become more or less of a farce. In this meet all but Feinberg in the Senior and all in the Junior were disqualified for lack of form.

Eddie Jakmauh, in his first meet since his return to the team, finished second in the Junior Dive. He will be dangerous with a little practise. Senior swim (100)—Won by Stuart (C), Biblin (C) second, Sands (L) third, Herrman (L) fourth. Time: 1m 2-5s.

Senior Dive—Won by Ellison (L), Collins (C) second, Graff (C) third.

Senior Backstroke (40)—Won by Richard (L), Kilroy (C) second, Murphy (C) third. Time 35s.

Senior Breast-stroke (40)—Won by Feinberg (L)—other contestants disqualified.

Senior Plunge—Won by Clifford (C), Harme (C) second, Muchnick (L) third.

Senior Relay—Won by Commerce (Stuart, Giblin, Murphy, Kilroy), Latin (Sands, Hermann, Ellison, Feinberg) second.

Junior Swim (40)—Won by Crowley (C), Carmichael (C) second, Joy (L) third, Keith (L) fourth.

Junior Dive—Won by Cummings (C), Jakmauk (L) second, Bostrom (C) third, Ryan (L) fourth.

Junior Plunge—Won by Kiburis (L), Harris (L) second, O'Leary (C) third, Mortalli (C) fourth.

Junior Relay—Won by Commerce (McCarthy, Cummings, Crowley, Wellings) Latin (Jakmauk, Levin, Joy, Keith Disqualified).

Junior Backstroke—Won by Jarosh (L), Levin (L) second, McCarthy (C) third, Shannon (C) fourth.

Junior Breast-stroke—All contestants disqualified.

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THE ENGLISH MEET

At the Boston Y. M. C. A. Pool on Thursday, April 17, the swimming team was defeated by English 67-37. As is customary with the Purple natators, only one man appeared for a number of events.

Captain Richard took the only first place in the Senior division by winning the backstroke. He has finished the dual meet season undefeated in his favorite event. A wonderful accomplishment, considering the fact that he has been ill most of the winter, and has been swimming when he should have been in bed. The summary:

Senior Dash—Won by Benks (E), Ullman (E) second, Harmann (L) third. Time: 1m 11 1-5s.

Senior Dive—Won by Thomas (E), Ellison (L) second, Backman (E) third.

Senior Backstroke—Won by Richard (L), Novitch (E) second, Ansin (E) third.

Senior breast-stroke—Won by Aronofsky (E), Feinbger (L) second.

Senior Plunge—Won by Bornstein (E) Rubin (E) second, Bruen (L) third.

Senior Relay—Won by English (Ferguson, Goldberg, Bencks, Ullman, Latin (Hermann, Ellison, Feinberg., Bruen) second.

Junior Dash—Won by Geyson (E), Keith (L) second, Joy (L) third, Ullman (E) fourth.

Junior Dive—Won by Gallagher (E). Junior Backstroke—Won by Jarosh (L), Kozol (E) second.

Junior Breast-stroke—Won by Levin (L), Saletsky (E) second, Raftery (L) third, Marden (E) fourth.

Junior Plunge—Won by Feldberg (E), Harris (L) second, Kiburis (L) third, Myers (L) fourth.

Junior Relay—Won by English (Geyson, Kozol, Ullman, Gallagher) Latin (Levin, Harris, Keith, Joy) second.

* * * *

THE CITY MEET

In this meet, Latin placed fourth. There are five teams in the City League. Dorchester did not send a team. We will leave it to the math sharks to figure how well the team compared with the other city schools. This little knock is not meant for the boys on the team. They gave their best, and no more can be asked. It is to those boys in the school, known to be excellent swimmers, who have failed to report for the team, that the defeat may be charged. The spirit of the team is shown when Captain Muddy Richard swam the backstroke against the doctor's orders. We lost five points and third place in a mixup in the Junior relay. With the Purple swimmers leading on the third relay and Levin the fourth man waiting to start, the judge tapped him on the arm. Levin took to the water and won easily by five yards. Then the judge disqualified the Latin team saying that the boy was not

tapped on the leg and should not have started. If this is so why did the judge tap him at all?

As Mechanic Arts was only two points ahead at the end of the meet, this race, had it been won, would have given us third place. English was the victor, with Commerce third.

In the Senior division, the relay placed fourth and gave us a point. Captain Richard was unexpectedly defeated in the backstroke, taking only third, but even this was exceptional, considering his condition. Jerry Bruen placed a fourth in the plunge, while Ellison, usually reliable, failed to place in the dives. Eliot Sands swam to a fourth in the hundred and ended the scoring of the seniors.

The Juniors did slightly better. Keith placed fourth in the fifty, and Leventhal ditto in the dive. Jarosh and Levin gave us a pair of seconds in the backstroke and breast-stroke respectively. In the Junior plunge, we scored the only double-placing of the meet. Harris and Kiburis taking third and fourth.

Only those who placed in the City meet are eligible for the Reggies. In this meet we were dependent especially upon Richard, Ellison and the Junior

relay. With the last two unexpectedly eliminated and the first out because of illness, our chances look slim.

After the final day of the City Meet, the team elected William F. Keith '27 as captain of next year's team. The election of a freshman as captain is quite unusual in Latin School sports, but the new captain has done exceptional work the past winter and deserves the honor. Of the present team he will lose Richard, Hermann, Sands, Harris, Ellison, Bruen, Feinberg, and Ovans.

* * * *

THE REGIMENTAL MEET

We scored ten points in the Swimming Reggies. This gave us sixth place. The scores: English 33, Charlestown 26, Commerce 18, Jamaica Plain 16, Mechanics Arts 13, Latin 10, Brighton 7, Trade 5, East Boston 2, Hyde Park 0, South Boston 0, Dorchester 0.

Our scores:

Sands: Senior 100 free style	3
Leven: Junior 60 breaststroke	3
Harris: Junior plunge	2
Jarosh: Junior backstroke	1
Kiburis: Junior plunge	1
	—
	10

ARCHIE MUSH

This is the story of Archibald Mush
Whose fate is too hard for description
He lost his life in a terrible rush
When he carelessly dropped his prescription.



“D’ye know where you boys go who don’t put their pennies in the collection box?”

“Yes sir! I’m going to the movies.”

* * * *

“What do you think of mud as a beautifier?”

“Well, it hasn’t done much for the turtle.”

* * * *

Bing: “I can turn my automobile around on a 10-cent piece.”

Bang: “I can turn my yacht around on a tack.”

* * * *

Johnny: “Say, paw, I can’t get these ’rithmetic examples. Teacher said something about findin’ the great common divisor.”

Paw (in disgust: “Great Scott! Haven’t they found that thing yet? Why, they were huntin’ for it when I was a boy.”

* * * *

Jimmy (tearfully): “Father, the d-donkey kicked me.”

Father: “Have you been annoying it?”

Jimmy: “No. I was only t-trying to c-carve my name on it.”

“John, can you let me have a little money?”

“Certainly, darling. About how little?”

* * * *

Stage Manager: “All ready, run up the curtain.”

Stage Hand: “Say, what do you think I am, a squirrel?”

* * * *

“What an awful gash you have on your forehead!”

“Oh, next to nothing—next to nothing.”

* * * *

The Customer: “I can’t find my wife anywhere. What shall I do?”

Floorwalker: “Just start talking to our pretty assistant over there.”

Teacher: “Willy, name a collective noun.”

Willy: “A vacuum cleaner.”

* * * *

Jessie: “I have told you again and again not to speak when older persons are talking, but wait until they stop.”

“I’ve tried that already, mama, they never do stop.”

* * * *

The Lady: “I wonder why the artist has called this picture ‘Home?’”

The Man: “Because there’s no place like it, I should say.”

"Dinnis," said Mike, "can yez tell me why they always have a rooster and never a hen on top of them barns fer a weather-vane?"

"Sure," said the other. "'Tis to avoid the difficulty of collectin' the eggs."

* * * *

Pat: "I bet ten dollars I'm dirtier than you."

Mike: "You got a cinch; ain't you three years older than me?"

* * * *

Teacher: "Can anyone tell me how a stovepipe is made?"

Johnny: "First you take a big long hole, and then you wrap some tin around it."

* * * *

"Does your delivery boy sleep in the store nights?"

"Nope!—In the daytime."

A negro soldier coming back to the dressing station with his right hand missing was seen to stop suddenly and start briskly back towards the front. When questioned as to why he changed his mind he said: "Well, sah, I was starting back to find mah hand."

"But," he was told, "you can't grow it on again."

"No sah, but mah dice was in dat hand."

* * * *

"Is Johnny's new dog a setter or a pointer?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"He's neither," replied her neighbor. "He's an upsetter and a disappoiter."

* * * *

Judge to Green Cop: "Why did you bring that 'No Trespassing' sign home with you?"

Green Cop: "Sure, Your Honor, it said on it, 'Police take notice.' "



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